THE BLACKMAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AFRICAN NATIONALIST UNION

SPECIAL ISSUE

DEDICATED TO

THE MEMORY OF

MALCOLM X

AND

PATRICE LUMUMBA

ONE GOD, ONE AIM, ONE DESTINY.

A RACE WITHOUT AUTHORITY AND POWER IS A RACE WITHOUT RESPECT
.....Marcus Garvey

REMEMBER YOUR COLOUR AND CLEAVE TO THE BLACK. .....Paul Bogle

Volume 2 No.2

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M W A L I M U M A R C U S G A R V E Y S P E A K S:

In October 1969, the leaders of Jamaica's two out-of-many political parties returned from their African safari. Immediately after their return, all manner of wild stories were in circulation in the capital and the towns and villages of Jamaica. All the fancy tales, as could be expected, have turned out to be straws in the wind: Not the slightest effort is going to be made to return the black man to the land of his fathers - Africa. But what else can you expect from the charge hands? Their job is to keep the slaves working hard on the plantation for the masters, not to arrange for their repatriation to the great mother continent. After all, where would the masters get such docile and willing cheap labour.

THE 1961 MISSION

It appears quite clear that the charge hands made their journeys to Africa for the sake of political gimmickry. If this is not so, then let these gentlemen make now a definite statement about repatriation. One finds it difficult to understand why these two worthy gentlemen needed to go to Africa - unless they were tired of travelling to cold, white countries - when they could easily have found out the position of the African countries on repatriation by reading the report of the 1961 Back to Africa Mission. In that report it was clearly stated that "The Mission found in all the territories a ready acceptance of the principle of repatriation of Africans living abroad to the ancestral land ..." A considerable amount of taxpayers money was spent in promoting that fact-finding tour. Some use should be made of the findings. How beautiful were the words of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I, as he welcomed the members of the Mission as "brothers, of one Blood and race." Wake up chargehands, the Africans here will not sleep forever!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REPATRIATION

Whenever people have been removed forcibly from their homeland, their descendants, captive among hostile and alien races, have always yearned to return. Although the Africans are in the overwhelming majority in this country, our people have come to realise the increasing number of Babylonians pouring into the island are coming to compete for land, jobs and a place in the sun. Our people are being pressured by the pigs. They have been betrayed time and again by multiracial politicians who have flattered only to deceive. More and more people *are turning to Africa* as the place of salvation. This is neither strange nor unrealistic. None of the Africans who came to Jamaica as slaves paid their fare over; all the pigs, white or yellow, came of their own volition.

It was Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States who said, ' There is a physical difference between the white and black races which will ever forbid the two races living together in terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they remain together, there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any man, am in in favour of having the superior position assigned to the white race.' Whatever Lincoln said about blank and white,

applies with equal force to black and yellow.

If many black men feel that they would prefer to live in Africa among their own kind and in their natural habitat, then why should we question their motives. It is their legitimate right to remove themselves from the presence of the ever-increasing quantity of pork the Government continues to impose on us. Was it not my own father, the African Nationalist Marcus Garvey who said, "If you believe that the Negro was endowed with the senses commonly given to other men by the Creator, then, you must acknowledge that what other men have done the Negroes can do. We want to build up cities, nations, governments and industries of our own in Africa, so that we will be able to have the chance to rise from the lowest to the highest positions in the African Commonwealth." Now why in the hell should we stay here? To work for the Jew, the Chinaman, the American and the Syrian?

H.R. 8965

In March, 1969, Congressman Nix of Philadelphia introduced into the American House of Representatives a Bill - H.R. 8965 - to authorize repatriation of Americans of African descent and the furnishing of development aid to African nations receiving such repatriated persons. The Bill makes provision for establishing towns and settlements for road buildings, irrigation and drainage. That is, the people responsible for the Bill realised that mass immigration requires planning at Government to Government level. All that we have got from our politrickstors in Jamaica have been empty words and captier gestures. At least in the U.S.A. a step has been taken in the right direction.

It is interesting to quote from the petition sent to President Nixon on the 24th June, 1969, by the African-American Repatriation Association.

'This is not the first, but we pray that it be the last time, that, we the African people in America are forced to petition you for redress of grievances committed upon us and our ancestors. We are the descendants of those Africans who were kidnapped from their native land (Africa), brought in chains to the New World, enslaved and compelled to live and work for 350 years under extremely unnatural conditions of cruelty, privation and degradation without regard to their welfare or God-given human rights. Our forefathers received no payment or compensation for the forced labour imposed upon them.....' These words apply with equal force to the Africans here in Jamaica. We have a just claim for reparations against the British Government. It is clear to me that if an African National Socialist Government took control in Jamaica, there would be valid grounds for nationalising and *sequestrating* all British, American and Canadian property as reparations for the slave labour of our African ancestors. The two chargehands think that they have things all their own way. Well they had better do something about African resettlement and stop all the disgusting advertisement to support birth control - that plan to thwart our legitimate racial ambitions.

I now direct my black voice to the two chargehands. I say to the Labourite Pharaoh and the Comrade - Pretender Joshua, for the love of God let my people go!

FACTS ABOUT THE AFRICAN RACE

Extracts are taken from the masterly historical works of the Jamaican J.A. Rogers, who did so much for his race.

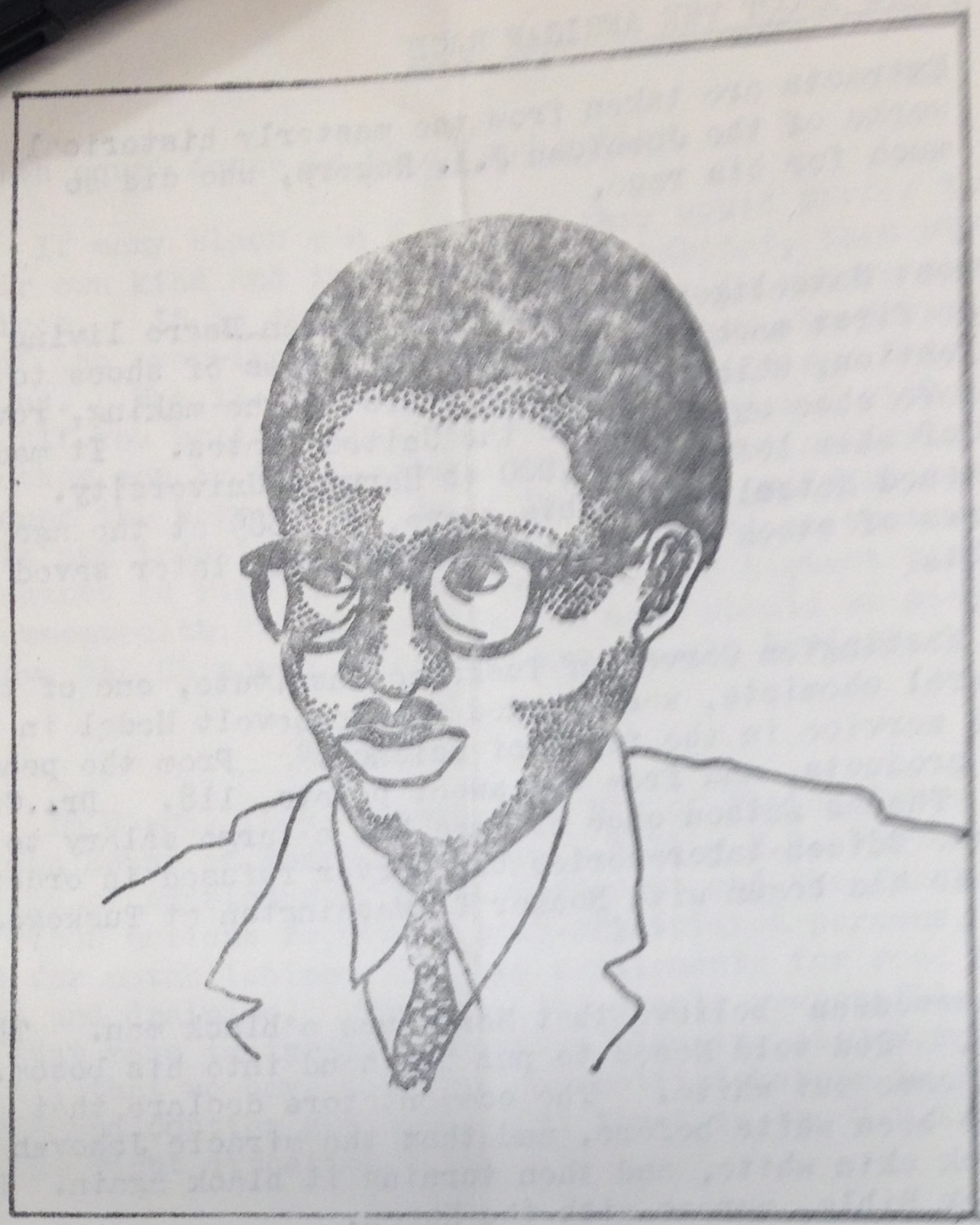
1. Jan Ernest Matzeliger, a Dutch West Indian Negro living in Lynn, Mass., invented the first machine for sewing the soles of shoes to the uppers. This invention, which was eleven years in the making, revolutionized the industry and gave shoe supremacy to the United States. It made several millionaires, one of whom left $4,000,000 to Harvard University. Overwork and privation hastened Matzeliger to his grave, in 1889 at the age of 37. He left a few sharws of stock to a white church, which later saved it from being sold for debt.

2. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute, one of the world's greatest agricultural chemists, was awarded the Rossevelt Medal in 1939 for "distinguished service in the field of science." From the peanut he has extracted 285 products, and from the sweet potato, 118. Dr. Carver was born a slave. Thomas Edison once offered him a large salary to take charge of one of the Edison laboratories but Carver refused in order to continue the work he had begun with Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee institute.

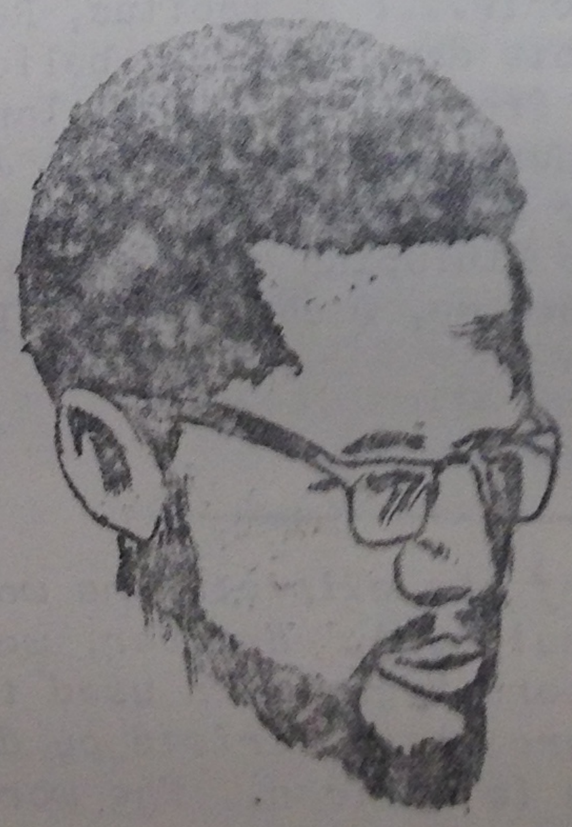
3. The Mohammedans believe that Moses was a black man. Their Bible the Koran, says so. God told Moses to put his hand into his bosom. The Koran says that it came out white. The commentators declare that Moses hand could not have been white before, and that the miracle Jehovah intended was making the black skin white, and then turning it black again. The Septuagint, or Greek Bible, agrees with the Koran.

4. The characters of the Bible are largely Negroes. The Jews were slaves to the Egyptians for nearly 430 years. Only seventy Jews went to Egypt with Jacob. The Bible says that 600,000 men left with Moses, which according to Haushoffer, meant a total of 3,154,000 with women and children. For this large number to have left mixing with the Egyptians who were black, must have taken place on a vast scale..... Tacitus, Roman historian of 90A.D., says that the Romans of his day popularly believed that the Jews who then abounded in Europe, came from Ethiopia the land of the Blacks. The present white colour of the European and American Jew, is very likely due to the same cause, as the fair skin and straight hair of large numbers of Negroes. The Bible classes the Ethiopian and the Jew together, "Are ye not as the children of Ethiopia unto me, O children of Israel, saith the Lord."

To preserve the authenticity of the extracts the word 'Negro' has been retained as in the original text. However, we of the African Nationalist Union reject the word Negro when used to describe that glorious race of people, who are characterised by dark skin and woolly hair. The proper term is African. The word Ethiopian is an older usage and is also correct.



LUMUMBA



MALCOLM 'X'

TRIBUTES TO OUR BELOVED HEROES
PATRICE LUMUMBA AND MALCOLM 'X'
(WHOSE PORTRAITS APPEAR ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE) FOLLOW.
TRULY WERE THEY AFRICAN GAINTS.
THEY WERE BOTH MARTYRED IN FEBRUARY.

A LOOK AT THE LATE LUMUMBA

By Kwame Mandingo

If you could see me die
the millions of times I have been born
If you could see me weep
the millions of times you have laughed...

Craveirinha.

Many Africans stand tall in the history of our Mother Continent. Warriors who fought for the glory and good of the land and, whose conduct inspire their people to emulate them.

Some of these men are Garvey, Shaka, Hannibal, Ras Kassa, Toussaint and Prempeh. An African who has unquestionably earned the right to stand in this galaxy of African stars is the late Patrice Lumumba.

Born in 1925 of the small Batele tribe, in the Sankuru district of KASAI Province in the Kongo, Lumumba attended a Roman Catholic School until the age of 14 - when he decided against the wishes of his father to transfer to a protestant one.

On completing his studies, this man who was to subsequently become Prime Minister of the Kongo by virtue of his protagonist role in the Movement National Kongolais, joined the Belgian Administration-Belgium had control of the country then - as a tax clerk, moving later to the Post Office, where he became assistant postmaster.

After more than a decade of service in the aforesaid capacity, Lumumba was convicted of falsity and imprisoned - it was later discovered that he took full responsibility for embezzlement by his subordinates.

His political career dawned in the African Staff Association at Stanleyville - "one of those evolue societies which the Belgian Administration permitted as vents for African argument and discontent in the hope that the African elite who controlled them would not risk a right so precariously possessed..."

On release from prison he established himself in Leopoldville where in 1957 he became commercial director of a brewery, speedily acquiring a reputation as superlative master of rhetoric and pamphleteer.

In December of 1958 after attending the All African Peoples Conference at Accra, Ghana, Lumumba addressed his brother Kongolese and awakened in them the fires for Independence which had lay dying under the morass of anti-African behaviour which typified the ruling Belgian class.

The efficay of the address was soon made manifest. The Kongolese people presented their request for freedom from Belgian satrapy in a forceful manner as 30,000 unemployed rendered rigid the city's civic activity, plunging industrial action into a torpor of stillness with

'dread' rioting.

Frustration had reached boiling point and the Belgian King who promised independence 'without harmful procrastination but also without thoughtless haste' got the message.

Elements that were to subsequently permanently stifle the voice of this pure-black African raised their nefarious heads in 1959 when attempts by Lumumba to build the M.N.C. into a National Movement were cramped by separatist tendencies in the lower Kongo and Katanga.

After a period of unrest which saw the departure of dissidents in the M.N.C. and his short-lived arrest after a stormy meeting in Stanleyville, he attended, in 1960, the Round Table Conference in Brussels which agreed on elections and Independence June 30 1960.

The protagonists of the Kongo corps clamouring for independence showed signs of disunity which were to have an injurious effect on the freedom of our sisters and brothers in the Kongo-Lumumba campaigned on a policy of a unitary state and his rival Joseph Kasavubu advocated federalism.

After a potpourri of activity which saw the holding of the General Elections a coalition was brought about with Lumumba's faction and Kasavubu's - the latter was installed president and 'the tall rake of a man with a chinful of beard' became Prime Minister.

An indication that the erstwhile colonial 'massas' still think they had control was shown when the Belgian Government brought in troops to protect Belgian Nationals who got themselves into violent trouble by refusing to believe that the Kongo was under Black supervision, Black control, and Black owned.

Added to this violation of the Kongo's sovereignty by Belgium, the white man's minion Moise Tshombe declared the rich Katanga province an independent state. This had the effect of diverting from the Central Government of the Republic, the bulk of its revenue and directing it to those who have 'climbed on the backs of the African until they have finally reached the moon!

Attempts by Lumumba to visit Katanga were blocked by Tshombe and the Belgian troops refused to leave the Kongo. The troubled Prime Minister turned to a friend of the enemy the United States for help but it was futile.

When he finally threatened to request assistance from the Soviet Union the United Nations, who were already approached, complied with Lumumba's request that all Belgian troops should 'dig off' from the African earth which he ruled.

The Belgian troops however, were permitted to remain by Tshombe in Katanga.

During this stage the friction between Lumumba and Kasavubu sharpened. On September 5 Kasavubu dismissed Lumumba as Prime Minister and Lumumba promptly returned the 'compliment' by dismissing Kasavubu as president. Both dismissals were cancelled by the Kongolese Parliament.

Nine days after it was more clearly seen that the forces of neo-colonialism were inching closer and closer to the Kongo patriot-Colonel Mobutu announced that he was assuming power and suspended both Kasavubu and Lumumba. He (Mobutu) soon formed an alliance with Kasavubu.

It is fitting here to reflect on Nkrumah's observation: "Seek ye first the political kingdom and all things shall be added unto you" for events were soon to show that Lumumba who was rendered politically powerless was nearing, because of his political loss, the end of the line.

He was forced to flee from his residence and conceal his movements, for his foes were anxious to remove him physically from the scene knowing that his presence prevented the re-enslavement, economically, of the Kongolese people.

On his way to meet with his brother Kongolese and deputy Prime Minister Antoine Gizenga he was recaptured - not by whitey - but by his black brothers on the directive of whitey.

Captured in Kasai he was badly beaten by black hands and then flown to Elizabethville in Katanga where he was murdered and his body thrown in a pool of acid: thus snuffing out the light of this African.

He was a patriot and an African warrior. For those of us who genuinely honour the man we can best show this by taking part in the liberation of our brothers and sisters wherever they experience the atrocities and vicious buffetings of white oppression which comes in various forms. In Jamaica it wears a black skin and hypocritically sings 'Jamaica land we love.' The people of Jamaica - Black people - do not love Jamaica. It is naive to expect a people to love a land when they own nothing in it.

Jamaica belongs, economically, to the entoparasities from North America which enter the bowels of this land and deprive it of health. We must therefore unite and, with the tenacity of a Lumumba emancipate ourselves.

If you could see me cry out
The millions of times I have kept silent...
If you could see me sing
The millions of times I have died
And bled...

Craveirinha

UP YOU MIGHTY RACE!

MARCUS GARVEY.

IN MEMORY OF MALCOLM X - OUR BLACK SHINING PRINCE

BY OMAR SHABBAZ

On February 21st, Black People the world over will be observing the anniversary of the brutal slaying of one of our greatest heroes - Malcolm X. The bitterness in our minds as we remember Malcolm is not only for his untimely death but the unbelievable and incomprehensible fact that in the areas of darkness in the Caribbean his works are still classed as "dangerous and subversive". The notorious "house negroes" posing as living examples of the result of capitulation to a decadent ideology that seeks to stifle genuine dissent.

Malcolm (as did Garvey before him) broke with the tradition of compromising with the truth in order to gain the few worthless crumbs of tokenisms; he realized that the issues weren't integration into a morally sterile white society, or the desegration of Woolworth's lunch counters; instead he sought complete freedom for the Blackman, *and* exhorted his people to find their own destiny and to stop turning to the enemy for help. Unlike the socalled "responsible and respectable" leaders, Malcolm was a realist, he was not under the illusion that he was free; he realized that freedom was not a welfare commodity to be doled out, or an award that is gained after endless sessions of back slapping and tea drinking.

His influence on the Black peoples of Africa, Asia, West Indies, Britain and the U.S.A. is overwhelming for in his philosophy he acknowledged the universality of the Black man's struggle for dignity, freedom and justice. The effect of his ideas, the appeal of his personality and the encouragement his victories gave to other Blacks was such that the white world took notice and immediately reacted by trying in every way to assimilate Malcolm. But Malcolm was African, proud of his great past, proud of Africa's contribution and this meant a liberated mind and it was not surprising to us that society failed to tame his fire. There is no greater tribute to this side of his character than the following words By Ossie Davis ..."Protocol and common sense require that Negroes stand back and let the white man speak up for us, defend us, and lead us from behind the scene in our fight. This is the essence of Negro politics." But Malcolm said To hell with that! Get up off your knees and fight your own battles. Thats the way to win back your self-respect. That's the way to make the white man respect you. And if he won't let you live like a man, he certainly can't keep you from dying like one!

Malcolm as you can see, was refreshing excitement; he scared the hell-out of the rest of us, bred as we are to caution, to hypocrisy in the presence of white folks, to the smile that never fades. Malcolm knew that every white man in America profits directly or indirectly from his position vis-á-vis Negroes, profits from racism even though he does not practice it or believe it.

He also knew that every Negro who did not challenge on the spot every instance of racism, overt or covert, committed against him and his people, who chose instead to swallow his spit and go on smiling, was an Uncle Tom and a traitor, without balls or guts, or any other commonly accepted aspects of manhood.

Now, we knew all these things as well as Malcolm did, but we also knew what happened to people who stick their necks out and say them. And if all the lies we tell ourselves by way of extenuation were put into print, it would constitute one of the great chapters in the history of man's justifiable cowardice in the face of other men.

But Malcolm kept snatching our lies away. He kept shouting the painful truth we whites and blacks did not want to hear from all the house tops. And he wouldn't stop for love nor money.

You can imagine what a howling, shocking nuisance this man was to both Negroes and whites. Once Malcolm fastened on you, you could not escape. He was one of the most fascinating and charming men I have ever met, and never hesitated to take his attractiveness and beat you to death with it. Yet his irritation, though painful to us, was most salutary. He would make you angry as hell, but he would make you proud..... And you always left his presence with the sneaky suspicion that maybe after all, you were a man!

....."And most of all, in the area of race-relations, he still delighted in twisting the white man's tail,and in making Uncle Tom's , compromisers, and accomodationists, - I deliberately include myself - thoroughly ashamed of the urbane and smiling hypocrisy we practice merely to exist in a world whose values we both envy and despise.

All my needs - financial, artistic, social, my need for freedom - I must depend on white folks to supply, that is what is meant by being a negro ..... Malcolm X used to be a negro but he stopped. He no longer depended upon white folks to supply his needs - to give him money or to lead his fight for freedom or to protect him from his enemies or to tell him what to do. Malcolm X did not hate white folks, nor did he love them. Most of all he did not need them to tell him who he was. Above all, he was determined to make it on his own that was why Malcolm was no longer a negro. Malcolm was a man, A BLACK MAN! a Blackman means not to accept the system as negroes do but to fight hell out of the system as Malcolm did. It can be dangerous. Malcolm was killed for it. Nevertheless I like Malcolm much better than I like myself."

Failure to assimilate Malcolm's effort and smother his ideas in the mysteries of the American dream led to the development of other tactics - mud slinging, character assasination; and then plain, cold, physical murder. Western society cannot and will not tolerate meaningful dissent, the clutches of its tentacles will strangle any force that chooses to question and resist.

The mass media today is trying to move Black people away from their goals, and it does this by denying us heroes. This has been the fate of Brother Malcolm at the hands of the mass media but Malcolm's memory today is a testimony to the fact that the white press has failed this time.

Malcolm attributed his early training to Marcus Garvey and Elijah Muhammed, and his life is of tremendous inspiration to young Africans today, who in the process of defining for themselves are also creating their own Black heroic images. To the white man Malcolm was a racist, to millions of brothers he represents our idea of the perfect and noblest of mankind.

Malcolm will remain *anew* to all Black people because he spoke for the street brothers and the black intellectuals for the cat in Harlem and the oppressed brothers in Kingston.

Even the white Roman Catholic priest Father Groppi was moved to say of him "I hate what they (the white racists) stand for with every drop of blood in my body, you are in a struggle for Black Power, and black identity. Black Power can be redemptive for America, for both the Black man and the white man. The white man has a problem with his identity. He is sick. I suggest all of you read the Autobiography of Malcolm X - one of the greatest men who ever lived."

For Malcolm to be successful in his endeavours he needed to avoid all atempts at assimilation and instead enter the society that he hoped to change as a defiant leader. This he did and did so well that one can almost say that his assassination was inevitable. At his funeral Ossie Davis again paid tribute to this noble African.... "Many will ask what Harlem finds to honour in this stormy controversial and bold young captain - and we will smile.

Many will say turn away - away from this man, for he is not a man but a demon, a monster, a subverter and an enemy of the black man - and we will smile. They will say that he is of hate - a fanatic, a racist - who can only bring evil to the cause for which you struggle!

And we will answer and say unto them: Did you ever talk to Brother Malcolm? Did you ever touch him, or have him smile at you? Did you ever really listen to him? Did he ever do a mean thing? Was he ever himself associated with violence or any public disturbance? For if you did you would know him. And if you knew him you would know why we must honour him: Malcolm was our manhood, our living black manhood! This was *his* meaning to his people. And, in honouring him, we honour the best in ourselves.

However much we differed with him - or with each other about him and his values as a man, let his going from us serve only to bring us together, now. Consigning these mortal remains to earth, the common mother of all, secure in the knowledge that what we place in the ground is no more now a man - but a seed - which, after the winter of discontent - will come forth again to meet us. And we shall know him then for what he was, and is - a Prince - our own BLACK SHINING PRINCE! who didn't hesitate to die, because he loved us so."

AFRICAN NATIONALISM
+ AFRICAN SOCIALISM
= AFRICAN NATIONAL SOCIALISM

M A R C U S G A R V E Y S E N I O R

DIVINE APPORTIONMENT OF EARTH

God Almighty created all men equal, whether they be white, yellow or black, and for any race to admit that it cannot do what others have done, is to hurl an insult at the Almighty who created all races equal in the beginning.

The white man has no right of way to this green earth, neither the yellow man. All of us were created lords of the creation, and whether we be white, yellow brown or black Nature intended a place for each and every one.

If Europe is for the white man, if Asia is for brown and yellow men, then surely Africa is for the Black man. The great white man has fought for the preservation of Europe, the great yellow and brown races are fighting for the preservation of Asia, and 400 million Negroes shall shed, if needs be, the last drop of their blood for the redemption of Africa and the emancipation of the race everywhere.

PHILISOPHY AND OPINIONS P.32 VOL.I

THE NEGRO'S POSITION

THE BLACK MAN VOL.2 No.8
JANUARY, 1937. EDITED BY
MARCUS MOSIAH GARVEY

There are people who like to deceive themselves, and there is no doubt that a large number of Negroes have this disposition. They never want to face realities. They generally think that they have no responsibility to themselves but that sooner or later things will be adjusted to suit them. For such people there can be no better thought than "play the fool and make the Devil take care of you."

Any individual or groups of individuals who refuse to look after their own interests as things are today, are only courting their ultimate doom and destruction. Humanity maintains an historic behaviour that never changes. From age to age it is always the same, in the respect of the maintenance of the personal or selfish order. An individual is selfish historically, traditionally and currently, because it is the first demand of nature that the man should look after himself. As of the man, so of the group;asof the group, so of the nation. Our morals, our ethics, our very religion, are subordinate to our human natures and to this egoism. The fellow who wants to deceive you will not tell you this truth because he is able to take advantage of you only by keeping you in ignorance about your duty to yourself. For goodness' sake, Negroes, be advised. If you want to succeed, primarily depend on yourself. If you want your race to be strong and powerful you must maintain a pure racial loyalty. If you want to have a nation you must think of a pure African nationalism. This is the

explanation of the ego that is common to all sensible peoples. If you do not practise this, the Devil shall surely get hold of you, and in this case the Devil is not the imaginary dark monster of Hell, he is the ever-present darker monster of economic privation, starvation and political servitude.

The greatest devil there is in the world today and the greatest hell that man can suffer, constitute the condition of poverty that deprives a man, a race, or a people of honourable expression, action and comfortable existence. Such is the hell that the Negro suffers all over the world, and the evil deity who presides over this condition is worshipped by those who refuse to rely upon their natural abilities to secure the things that they desire.

In Europe, in America, and in Asia, the different groups of men of other races are developing stronger egotistic impulses leading towards more established national securities; in which the economic factor plays an important part. Today the clamouring white masses of Europe and America are agitating for better industrial and economic conditions, which can only be obtained at the cost of the further exploitation of those foolish races. and peoples who have no egotistic instincts and who are not aiming at any national racial security. For goodness' sake let the Negro be warned again. To play the fool is to leave yourself in your hindmost behaviour to the clutches of the devil and to experience your hell as you move along on earth.

Extract of Letter from Patrice Lumumba (in Prison) to his wife

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History will one day have its say, but it will not be the history that is taught in Brussel, Paris, Washington or the United Nations, but the history which will be taught in the countries freed from imperialism and its puppets. Africa will write her own history, and to the North and South of the Sahara, it will be a glorious and dignified history.

Do not weep for me, my dear wife. I know that my country, which is suffering so much, will know how to defend its independence, and its liberty. Long live the Congo!
Long live Africa!

Patrice

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THE RAPE OF AFRICA

PART I

Today Africa the enigmatic continent is a continent in turmoil - striving to free itself from economic and political domination and to re-assert itself in the affairs of a modern world. Africa is a giant that has slept too long, too long because it was drugged by treachery and raped economically and physically by Europe and North America.

Stretching from Lat 33°S to Lat 36°N , Africa encompasses several climatic zones and vegetational patterns. Its plateau like structure whilst retarding European exploration provided the type of environment in which philosophers and great thinkers could flourish. Its desert *climes* indifferent to decay preserved for us many records of important kingdoms which flourished in times past. Mighty empires rose and fell with the passage of time and fair and opulent cities bejewelled the landscape. Wise men came not only from the east, but also from Africa and many went thither to further their knowledge. Trading ships and Arab dhows, galleys and sampans of many lands came here to trade - Gold - Ivory - Ebony and precious stones filled their holds. Salt and sandal wood - Cedar and peacock feathers all went to decorate the palaces of eastern potentates and Russian Czars alike. Even a Caesar dined on African Wheat Dates, Rice and elephant stew. In time the long night descended on Africa and the giant slept. Roman Armies ravaged the Mediterranean coast - swarthy arabs took their toll and held political sway - Saracen and their hordes came to prey and stayed to steal. Still Africa slept and when the night was darkest and the sleep deepest the greatest rape of all was perpetrated by Europe. The Slave Trade to the Western World began. While Pope and King, Emperor and clown, Duke and Prince got rich, and served their God with piety - wretched men and women were plucked from the Bosom of their mother earth and transported elsewhere to pile up riches they could not enjoy and to leave their land desolate and depopulated. Saintly Portuguese, Pious Englishmen, and Godly Spaniards, saw nothing wrong with this, the most degrading episode of European History - Was God there or did he turn his back? Perhaps he too slept. How else to explain the savage brutality committed in his name - How else to explain the wanton acts of cruelty committed for his sake - How else explain the affliction of these children of Africa who had committed no sin save to be born black.

Today Europeans try to rationalise slavery as an Economic process. How do you account for the fact that 100 million slaves were removed from Africa but only 20 million reached the New World? How can you rationalise away the lives of 80 million people uprooted from their homeland and dumped into the deep Atlantic Ocean? and how explain the brutality meted out to those who survived the middle passage, to journey through the hell that was the plantations?

And so it was that the long night of *travail* continued. Voices were heard in Africa of women weeping for their men folk and there was none to comfort them. Meanwhile on the plantations of the West slave drivers cracked their whips - cruelty multiplied and slaves were forbidden to pray lest the tumultuous outpourings of their lamentations should awaken the white man's God. Already the night was far spent - dawn was at hand

T H E R A P E O F A F R I C A

PART I

Today Africa the enigmatic continent is a continent in turmoil - striving to free itself from economic and political domination and to re-assert itself in the affairs of a modern world. Africa is a giant that has slept too long, too long because it was drugged by treachery and raped economically and physically by Europe and North America.

Stretching from Lat 33°S to Lat 36°N , Africa encompasses several climatic zones and vegetational patterns. Its plateau like structure whilst retarding European exploration provided the type of environment in which philosophers and great thinkers could flourish. Its desert *climes* indifferent to decay preserved for us many records of important kingdoms which flourished in times past. Mighty empires rose and fell with the passage of time and fair and opulent cities bejewelled the landscape. Wise men came not only from the east, but also from Africa and many went thither to further their knowledge. Trading ships and Arab dhows, galleys and sampans of many lands came here to trade - Gold - Ivory - Ebony and precious stones filled their holds. Salt and sandal wood - Cedar and peacock feathers all went to decorate the palaces of eastern potentates and Russian Czars alike. Even a Caesar dined on African Wheat Dates, Rice and elephant stew. In time the long night descended on Africa and the giant slept. Roman Armies ravaged the Mediterranean coast - swarthy arabs took their toll and held political sway - Saracen and their hordes came to prey and stayed to steal. Still Africa slept and when the night was darkest and the sleep deepest the greatest rape of all was perpetrated by Europe. The Slave Trade to the Western World began. While Pope and King, Emperor and clown, Duke and Prince got rich, and served their God with piety - wretched men and women were plucked from the Bosom of their mother earth and transported elsewhere to pile up riches they could not enjoy and to leave their land desolate and depopulated. Saintly Portuguese, Pious Englishmen, and Godly Spaniards, saw nothing wrong with this, the most degrading episode of European History - Was God there or did he turn his back? Perhaps he too slept. How else to explain the savage brutality committed in his name - How else to explain the wanton acts of cruelty committed for his sake - How else explain the affliction of these children of Africa who had committed no sin save to be born black.

Today Europeans try to rationalise slavery as an Economic process. How do you account for the fact that 100 million slaves were removed from Africa but only 20 million reached the New World? How can you rationalise away the lives of 80 million people uprooted from their homeland and dumped into the deep Atlantic Ocean? and how explain the brutality meted out to those who survived the middle passage, to journey through the hell that was the plantations?

And so it was that the long night of *travail* continued. Voices were heard in Africa of women weeping for their men folk and there was none to comfort them. Meanwhile on the plantations of the West slave drivers cracked their whips - cruelty multiplied and slaves were forbidden to pray lest the tumultuous outpourings of their lamentations should awaken the white man's God. Already the night was far spent - dawn was at hand

and when it came Africa awakened, roused itself and shook like a fettered Samson.

Far away in the West Indies and North America, a new Black had emerged owing allegiance to no one but hell bent to find an identity and to carve a niche for himself. Where should he look for inspiration? Not to the bankrupt sterility of Europe nor to the fawning servility of Asia. Within himself was the urge to seek and to find, and he found in Africa a spiritual home. Though ravished by Europe and America, Africa was still his mother who birthed his parents and grandparents. The rape was complete. The effects on the rapist are just now being seen.

N.B.

The 1st of Three Articles by A.Y.

A POEM FOR BLACK HEARTS

For Malcolm's eyes, when they broke
the face of some dumb white man. For
Malcolm's hands raised to bless us
all black and strong in his image
of ourselves, for Malcolm's words
fire darts, the victor's tireless
thrusts, words hung above the world
change as it may, he said it, and
for this he was killed, for saying,
and feeling, and being / change, all
collected hot in his heart, For Malcolm's
heart, raising us above our filthy cities,
to the grey monsters of the world, For Malcolm's
pleas for your dignity, black men, for your life,
black men, for the filling of your minds
with righteousness, For all of him dead and
gone and vanished from us, and all of him which
cling to our speech black god of our time.
For all of him, and all of yourself, look up,
black man, quit stuttering and shuffling, look up,
For Great Malcolm, a prince of the earth, let
nothing in us rest
until we avenge ourselves for his death, stupid animals
that killed him, let us never breathe a pure breath if
we fail, and white men call us faggots till
the end of the earth

Ameer Baraka (LeRoi Jones)

SWAHILI CORNER

The M MI Class

The class we are now to consider is, like the KITU Class, a class of non-living things, but it includes also trees and other plants. It may be called the MITI (tree) Class.

The singular prefix is m (sometimes mw or mu) and the plural mi. Originally the singular prefix was mu, and the discarded u shows itself as a w when the noun stem begins with a vowel.

mwaka (mu-aka), year — miaka, years
mwili (mu-ili), body — miili, bodies

It often shows itself, too, before h, as in

muhindi, maize plant or cob; pl. mihindi
muhogo, cassava; pl. mihogo

and persists, also, in

muwa, sugar-cane; pl. miwa

The w usually found before a vowel has dropped out in some words whose stem begins with o or u e.g.

moto, fire pl. mioto
moyo, heart pl. mioyo
moshi, smoke
mundu, cutlas; pl. miundu

For illustration we take the five nouns:
mti, tree, pole, wood; pl. miti
mji, town, village; pl. miji
mguu, leg, foot; pl. miguu
mkono, arm, hand; pl. mikono
nwezi, month, moon; pl. miezi

with the adjectives and numbers already learnt.
Adjectives, including numbers, are brought into agreement with nouns of the MITI class by prefixing m or mi (sometimes mw and my before a vowel):

a large village — mji mkubwa
four high trees — miti mirefu minne
one month — mwezi mmoja
two hands — mikono miwili

But the subject prefixes of the verb are different; they are u and t:

One month will be enough — Mwezi mmoja utatosha
Five poles were enough — Miti mitano ilitosha

The Verb HAS

"Has" is expressed in Swahili by - na with the appropriate verb prefixes; i.e. ki, vi, for the KITU class, and u, i, for the MITI class.

Kibanda kina vyumba vitatu	The hut has three rooms.
Vyumba viwili vina vitanda	Two rooms have beds.
Mwili una mikono na miguu	A body has arms and legs.
Miji ina visima vizuri	The villages have good wells.

NOTES:

1. Nouns beginning with m followed by a consonant may be taken as belonging to the MITI class unless they denote persons or animals, except nouns beginning with mb or mv, which may have a different origin.

2. Names of trees are in this class, but the names of their fruits take different prefixes and belong to other classes.

3. Words given in the Lesson are not repeated in the Vocabulary.

Vocabulary

mchungwa, orange tree	mlango, door
mgomba, banana plant	mlima, hill, mountain
mnazi, coconut palm	mswaki, toothbrush
mtende, date palm	msitu, forest
mwembe, mango tree	msalaba, cross
mpunga, rice	mshahara, wage
mchele, husked rice	mto, river
mtama, millet	mzizi, root
mfuko, bag	mzigo, load
mkate, bread, loaf	mwiba, thorn
mkeka, plaited mat	mwiko, large spoon
mkia, tail	mwavuli, umbrella

Exercise 2

Write in Swahili: a long tail; a good umbrella; a small river; a high mountain; a bad toothbrush; large loads; five loaves; good maize plants; a small cross; a big wage; mats and bags; three orange trees and four mango trees; tall coconut and dates; one year and five months; (husked) rice and millet. The fire has smoke. The village has bananas and sugar-cane. The trees have thorns. The hut has two doors. Cassava has large roots. A body has hands and feet, a head, a chest, and a heart.

NOTE:

Lessons are based on 'Teach Yourself Swahili' by D.V. Perrott. This excellent book is published by the English Universities Press Ltd., St.Paul's House, Warwick Lane, London E.C.4. All conscious African Nationalists should try to get a copy. There is also an accompanying dictionary which is extremely useful.

THE BRITISH SCENE

Police and Black People in Manchester

Readers will need to know something about Manchester; where and how black people live, and what exactly causes the trouble. Black people live mainly in the area called Moss Side, parts of which consist of crumbling Victorian mansions, whilst the rest is made up of low terraced houses in the dirty, sunless streets that systematically cross each other to form the depressing landscape of the industrial north. Some black people now live in the suburban areas, near to Moss Side, but the great majority still live in the slum.

MOSS SIDE

Although we can quickly forget the myth of friendly, open northern folk and their hospitality, it is true that the white people who remain in Moss Side, are usually tolerant; racial hostility is suppressed, and incidents are rare. Outside Moss Side in the realm of ignorance and stupidity, attitudes to the black community are different. They call the area 'the Congo', and other childish names; they blame black people for the murders, the vice and the violence that they imagine goes on, and they manage to blame us too for the state of the houses and the filth in the streets and alleys. The word has got around, and people believe it, that in those dirty little houses once lived the industrial aristocracy, forced to move out by "the blacks"! "It used to be a high class area before you moved in", is something you often hear. Short and peverse memories.

You must understand that here we are more than ever cut off from our culture, our backgrounds and our true Black heritage. Here the black man in search of his identity has nothing at all to guide him, and little to be proud of. There are no black teachers to inspire our children, no black lawyers to fight our cases; nothing outside ourselves that we can be sure of. The uncle Tom West Indian organisations have betrayed us, the white power structure has disreputable clubs and third rate dances to 'brighten' our lives. Only of late, with a series of fine lectures by C.L.R. James - always well attended - have we begun to make any progress towards self realisation and black pride. But now we've started on that road, nothing at all will stop us. We will make quite sure of that.

CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE POLICE

So broadly speaking, our problems are those of all alienated black people. We need houses, jobs, opportunities, and, more than ever, a chance to see ourselves as we really are. And, like you in London, and our Soul brothers in the States, we have always had trouble with the police. Because we are weak and divided, they just can't resist the temptation to mess us about. They seem to imagine that we will take lying down anything they care to give us; and the myth of impartiality and incorruptibility, will cloak forever their brutality, their vindictiveness, and their corruption. They must be taught, like everyone else, that the black man is not prepared to be pushed about any longer.

The major confrontations with the police centre around house parties - blue beats. No one will want to deny that the police are properly concerned with the observation of licensing laws, or that they must be prepared to act on behalf of people who resent the noise and can't sleep. That's one thing. It's the rest of the story that interests us most. What law says that they can burst into a private house in great numbers, without a warrant, manhandling people and damaging property? What law obliges them to stand in a party and drink the beer and spirits they have found there? We have seen this kind of thing far too often to be able to believe in the policeman as the guardian angel of law, order and decency. Too often we have seen them raid private parties take away the drinks and victimise the owners of the houses. Take the case of Mr. Sebert Pinnock.

VICTIMISATION

Mr. Pinnock's first encounter with the police followed a raid on a party held in a house where he was living. Coming out of the cellar after all the guests had been herded into the streets, Mr. Pinnock found the back door open, which he closed, only to hear a plain clothes policeman tell him to "leave that f..... door alone". Unaware that he had done anything wrong, he tried to make his way upstairs to his room but he was grabbed by some policeman and though resisting, thrown into a van. Several witnesses, including Mr. George McCorkle, saw the police punching and provoking Mr. Pinnock. His crime, it seems, was that he had unwittingly locked out in the yard two policeman, who, in that way that they have subsequently broke down the door. (Why don't they just ask someone to open it for them??) He was fined £10, appealed, and was charged costs of £10, the judge chanting the usual refrain that he was 'inclined to believe the evidence of the police.'

About 3 months later, Mr. Pinnock held a party at the same house to celebrate his wedding. The police raided again, and the landlord, Mr. Neil, was fined £35 on a charge for which there was absolutely no evidence: selling drinks without a license. Supported by Mr. Pinnock, who pointed out to the court that it was his, and not Mr. Neil's party, Mr. Neil appealed and won. Now this was the first time that such an appeal had been won, and it seems the police were not content to leave it at that.

About a year later, Mr. Pinnock held another party to celebrate the birth of his son. Again the police raided, and this time they told Mr. Pinnock that they had been told that he was holding a party, though they didn't say how they found out. The only evidence offered by the police at the trial was that 17/6d had been found by them on a shelf on the drinks table. Mr. Pinnock and several other angry witnesses said that they had seen a policeman plant this money. This time, not even the magistrate was easily convinced. Had the police seen any drinks being sold? No. Was anyone passing money? No. Mr. Pinnock was found not guilty.

An interesting light is shed on the nature of British justice by an encounter between Mr. Pinnock and Sgt. X at PLATT LANE police station. Mr. Pinnock had gone to collect his drinks from the second party (he by no means got them back), when he was issued with his summons for the third. Sgt.X advised him, in front of *witnesses*, to plead guilty, and told him that if he did, he could have as many parties as he liked, that he could have a party to sell off the drinks he was collecting, and that the police

would come and enjoy themselves. Mr. Pinnock rejected this thoughtful advice, but he well believed that Sgt. X meant it - he had seen him drinking in shebeens on several occasions. Mr. Pinnock says that he will not be giving any more parties for his friends.

DRUGS PLANTED

The question of drugs is of course another cause of conflict. Planting is well known, as the handing round of drugs by policeman. Many people in Moss Side will remember the social habits of the policeman known as JOCK 'the black man's friend', who tried to ingratiate himself by handing round hashish. What a dirty rotten trick that was. Also instructive is the case of Ashanti. Many people, including Mr. Tomlin McKinely, will remember the case of seeing the police plant drugs on an African man known as Ashanti outside Kelly's bookie shop. At his trial a number of witnesses assembled to testify that they had seen the planting, but to their astonishment, Ashanti pleaded guilty. He was fined £5. Asked afterwards what was the story, he said that the police told him that if he would plead guilty, they would pay his fine.

BEATINGS UP AT POLICE STATION

The case of Mr. Ellis Shields illustrates two characteristics of the police that most disturb black people in Moss Side: the fact that one is not safe from them even in one's home, and that fact that there has seemed for so long no way of securing justice against them. Mr. Shields a small gently man tells his story. During a disagreement with a woman neighbour, Mr. Shields was slapped across his face. Somewhat sheepishly, Mr. Shields admits that he hit back at the offending woman. At mid-day the next day, a policeman arrived at Mr. Shields house and told him that if he interfered with the lady again he would be arrested. Mr. Shields felt that this was not the correct procedure The policeman did not explain to what incident he was referring what complaint had been received, nor did he ask Mr. Shields any questions at all. Mr. Shields again asked for an explanation, and was again told that he would be arrested. He lost his patience and told the policeman that policemen were all the same and that he was tired of them. Whereupon the policeman grabbed his left arm, twisted it behind his back and refused to let go. Mr. Shields tried to wrench himself away, and caused the policeman to fall on the step. Faced with a small man with one arm in plaster, the brave officer now standing in the hall, called on his walkie talkie for help. Two more policemen arrived, and of course, quite without being asked, broke down the door. They all threw Mr. Shields into a van and took him to PLATT LANE. There, inspired by a cry of "you kicked me you bastard", they began to beat him about the head and body to such an extent that he needed immediate medical attention. The next day he was fined £25 for assaulting a police officer. He appealed to the Crown Court, only to hear the routine judgement that his honour was inclined to believe the police.

Mr. Shields was interested to note afterwards that one of the police witnesses was certainly at work at the time of the incident, and he learned too late that a white woman across the road had refused to testify for the police, because she had seen what had happened. Mr. Shields voices the opinion of many black people when he says that he is not satisfied with his solicitor. His attitude was defeatist, in that he told

Mr. Shields exactly what one of the policeman involved had told him, that because the police are 'part of the law', he was wasting his time.

In conclusion, some general points must be made concerning the situation. First we demand an absolute standard of integrity and non-violence from the police. They must do their duty according to the principles of law. These are not isolated incidents, but even if they were, it would be three isolated incidents too many.

POLICE STRONG ARM OF RACIST SOCIETY

Having said that, let's look at the root of the problem. Don't let's kid ourselves that the police are a bunch of sadist lunatics, whose only pleasure is beating up and framing black people. They might be racists, but its fairly clear that they would take advantage of anyone too weak to protect themselves. The fact that they don't like black people is nothing to worry about. It is clear what is their attitude from a remark made by a senior policeman, who, when addressing a group of liberals on police/immigrant relations, let slip at the end, "And that's why we hate them". That's their business. What is important is that we give them so much opportunity to abuse us. The whole of the capitalist racist structure militates against us, largely because we let it. The police are only the arm of that society, the constitutional expression of 'might is right'. They hurt us, but only because society turns a blind eye.

THE WARNING TO US IS CLEAR. WE MUST RE-DEFINE FOR ALL TO SEE WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A BLACK MAN. WHILST PROTECTING OURSELVES BY CONSTANT PUBLICITY OF THE CONTINUING SITUATION, WE MUST CEASELESSLY STRIVE TO RECOVER OUR TRUE IDENTITY AND OUR TRUE DIGNITY AND POWER. WE MUST STOP COMPROMISING AND MAKING FOOLS OF OURSELVES.

WHAT IS THERE TO SMILE ABOUT?

By Issa Nkoma Mandingo

He dropped beside me in the ragged, frowsy J.O.S. bus seat.
Stacked like a dirty, bulging sack, he was misery to behold, staring ahead vacantly.
I scrutinized him and noticed his blistered bare feet that had been pushed through some hand-me-downs now patterned with holes and tatters.
Under the yellow-brown, perspire-saturated merino - he had no shirt, this man knew no such luxury -, a network of muscles flexed, mixing his despair with some defiance.

In my middle-class, pity-filled consciousness I again blundered.
I never stopped to think.
But then, I was young and oh so eager to be African, I forgot to perceive his life or an ounce of his stony, parched emptiness.
Instead I wondered and asked.
"Brother why are you so angry?"
He peered into my enthusiasm, face plastered with hardship and the pain of subservience.
"What is there to smile about?", he grunted.